

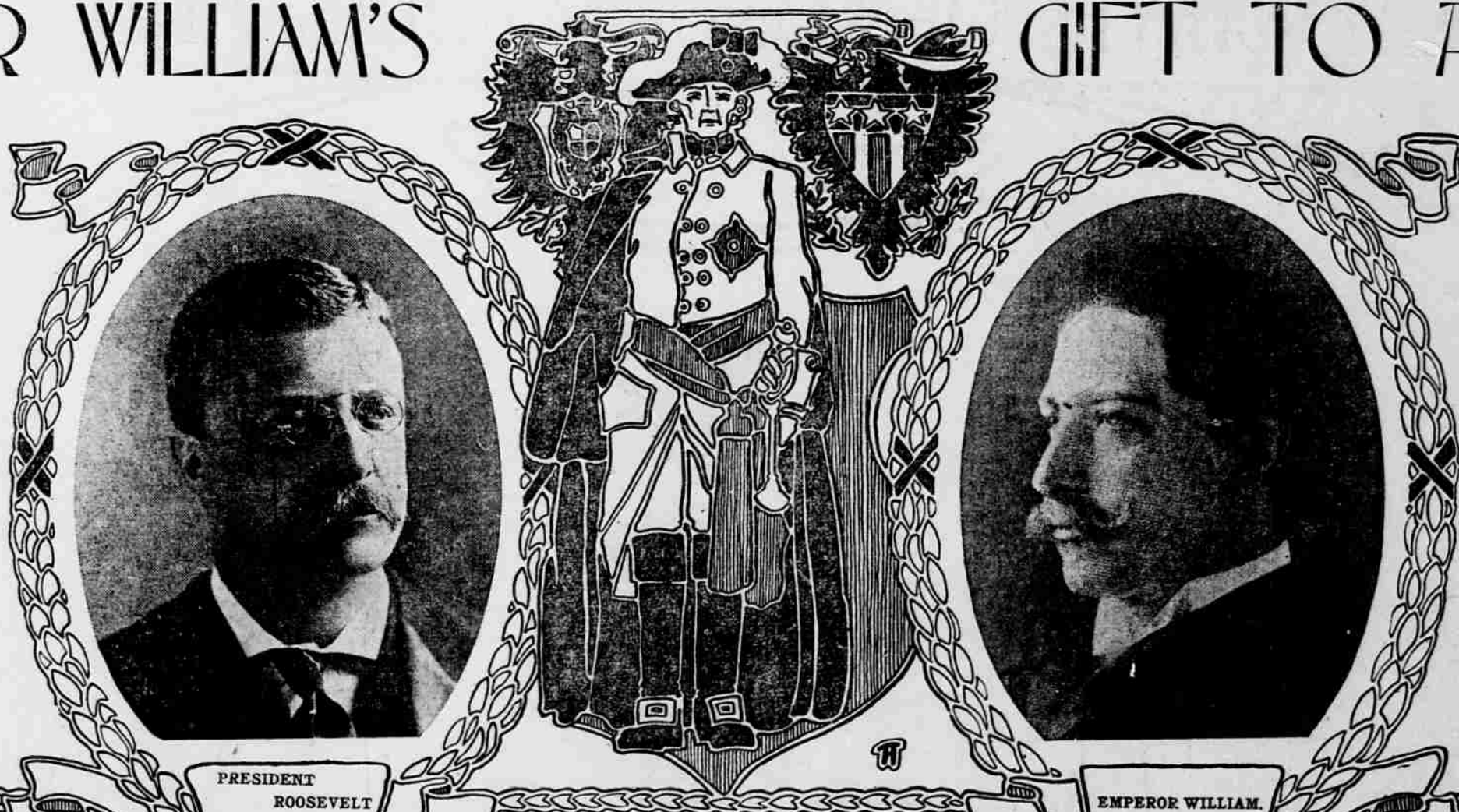
# EMPEROR WILLIAM'S GIFT TO AMERICA

The Magnificent Statue of Frederick the Great Which He Has Ordered for Presentation to the United States. Another Testimonial of His Desire to Increase the Friendly Relations Between the Two Nations.

To all appearances the regard and respect which European powers feel for the United States is constantly increasing. One of the latest proofs of this spirit is the gift to this country by the Emperor of Germany of a magnificent statue of Frederick the Great.

By a cable dispatch, sent on May 14 to President Roosevelt, the Kaiser expressed the desire of commemorating the visit to these shores of his brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, and to that end offered to erect in Washington a statue of the great Prussian warrior. The statue has now been accepted, and is to be erected on the site of the Arsenal, near the War College.

Much comment has been indulged in, not only by the press of this country, but of European states as well, on the hidden object of the Kaiser in presenting the statue.



Decision Reached Suddenly and Quickly Acted Upon. Causes Much Discussion in the Papers of Germany and Other European Countries. The Statue to Be a Replica of the One That Was Erected at Potsdam.

be regarded in the light of a proof of the growing regard and respect of European states for America. That fact remains, despite whatever deeper and hidden motives the gift may carry with it. Such a gift from the ruler of one nation to the people of another cannot refrain from involving a deep significance when it is considered that the powers concerned are all but ready to fly at each other's throats in a momentous struggle for a good slice of the world's water transportation; and this breach being still further widened by more or less powerful disputes over questions of imports and exports and customs taxes.

The master hand of the statesman; the far-seeing genius whose life's ambition centers upon the building up of a great united Germany and placing that empire in amicable relation with the other world powers, is most certainly



PRINCE HENRY.

ing the statue. The German Agrarians express great dissatisfaction at what they term the obsequiousness of the Emperor, and denounce his act as likely to increase "American conceit."

The French press, on the other hand, sees in the act of the German Emperor an attempt to offset the gift of the statue of Rochambeau by France, and ridicules the motives of William II.

The German government papers see in the gift of the statue an excuse for a visit of the Emperor himself to America when it is unveiled next year.

If reports may be credited, the inspiration which led the Teutonic monarch to propose the gift of the famous Prussian warrior's statue to President Roosevelt came to him in quite a peculiar and unlooked-for manner. The statue which has been ordered by the Emperor is to be the work of Sculptor Uphues, and a reproduction of the

statue of Frederick the Great erected in the grounds of the Emperor's palace in Potsdam. One evening the Kaiser was at the theater, and during the performance his conversation with his companions in the royal box turned upon the statue of Frederick the Great.

Suddenly wheeling in his seat and addressing his aide, he said:

"Have made for me another of those statues; I wish to present it to the United States."

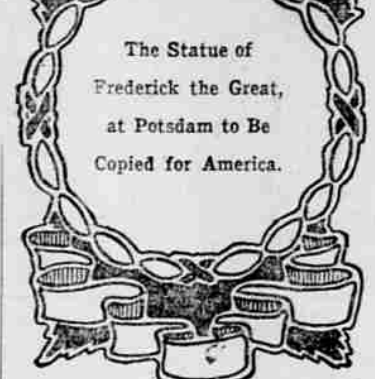
The command, of course, aroused a vast amount of comment. But those who made so bold as to discuss the matter took good care to do so out of earshot of the Kaiser. The very nature of the man forbade all overtures in the nature of a criticism or remonstrance. The marble replica of the Potsdam statue was at once begun, and President Roosevelt communicated with regarding its acceptance by the United States Government.



The Statue of Frederick the Great, at Potsdam to Be Copied for America.

It was this latter consideration that threatened to place the only obstacle in the way of the uninterrupted carrying out of the Kaiser's plans. When the matter was placed before Congress for its consideration, several members of that body immediately rose with strenuous objections to the acceptance of the statue by America. A sharp and relentless contest ensued, the members remaining firm in their determination not to allow the German Emperor's gift to be erected here. The principal objection brought forward to the acceptance of the statue was the alleged fact that Frederick the Great himself had been antagonistic to the colonies. This fact was paraded before Congress most ostentatiously, and coupled with the utmost exertions of prominent legislators threatening for a time to doom the acceptance of the significant gift. Every conceivable objection was raised to the erection of the German statue. Matters looked for a period as though the Kaiser's gift were to be cast back upon his hands.

The statue was finally accepted, however, and it was decided to erect it in this city on the Arsenal site, near the War College. It will not be completed



a stout walking stick grasped in the right hand. It is attired in the short waistcoat and swallow-tailed topcoat, with the knee breeches and high boots of the period in which he lived, and on its head is the tri-cornered cocked hat. The face, it has often been pronounced, bears a striking resemblance to the pictures of the famous old warrior. The finely chiseled nose and firm, tightly compressed lips, with the accompanying stern expression of the face, are admirably portrayed.

Regarding the various constructions placed upon the German Emperor's gift by the press of this country and European nations, it is not in the least putting forward a mere presumption to say that the Kaiser has some underlying motive behind his open kindness in making the United States a present of so magnificent and costly a gift.

The Emperor's wonderful sagacity and foresight in dealing with intricate matters of state has given him rank among the world's shrewdest diplomats. Barely forty-four years of age, he has been for fourteen years the ruler of Germany, and has displayed remarkable powers of statesmanship. The man who so adroitly engineered the securing of an advan-



MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT.

tageous foothold for Germany in China, and made it possible for the Czar of Russia to move in that territory only after compensating Germany well for it; the man who, by his iron will and matchless tact, dislodged Bismarck from his position of many years' standing, and slowly but surely maneuvered the German empire out of the narrow and devious channels, where the old premier had moored it, into the open water, certainly possesses the ability to weave bonds of amity between his own nation and the United States.

Whether he is indeed guilty of obsequiousness, or is endeavoring to offset the gift of the Rochambeau statue by France, or whether he intends to erect a pretense for his paying a visit to this country at the time of the unveiling exercises of the Frederick the Great statue, time alone can tell.

One thing, however, is certain, and this is a truism of speculation: The magnificent gift of William II cannot but

behind this generous gift to the republic of the New World. Although it is not openly visible, it is none the less certainly there. What its results may be, time alone can reveal.

It was the same master's hand that so adroitly increased the friendship between the United States and Germany by sending Prince Henry of Prussia to this country to receive a triumphant ovation from our people. Again, the hand displayed its wonderful diplomacy by securing Miss Alice Roosevelt, the daughter of the chief executive of the nation, to perform the christening of the German Emperor's yacht, the craft itself built in this country.

Whether Kaiser William II will still further seek to promote friendly relations between his country and our own by following his royal brother to these shores next year is still a matter of some remote conjecture, however, which there is at the present time not the slightest basis for a prediction of any sort.

## A WOMAN'S RECIPE FOR MAKING THAT THING OF PERFECT JOY, A HAPPY MAN

By KATE THYSON MARR.

Author of "Confessions of a Grass Widow," "Bound by the Law," etc.

Rule 1—Make him comfortable. Rule 2—Be sure to make him real comfortable. Rule 3—Be very sure to make him very comfortable, and then let him alone to enjoy the comfort.

NOW, this story might end right there, only the women might want to know if I were crazy, and the men would think that I ought to have had sense enough to give some points as to how a man may be made comfortable.

A man really nestles up to solid comfort with the same ineffable satisfaction that a sick kitten snuggles up to a hot brick, with the difference that the smile of sweet content that plays over the masculine countenance has no counterpart in the feline.

Then, too, a man has as many whims and fads as a woman, only a woman would not dare to tell him so, and he thinks that when he goes home—the haven for whose bills he stands sponsor—that he should find the solid comfort that he don't.

This haven is often a home for the woman, but a sort of torture chamber for the man.

The poor, homeless men who pay household bills, yet never have a home, but who wander aimlessly, should be hedged about and protected by a society for the prevention of cruelty to hus-

bands headed by a little German band with all the accessories of "O Joy," even to the day and hour thereof, when they hand in their mortal-coil-shedding checks as entrance fees to the happy hunting ground.

In fact, I could weave over some of these homeless spouses whose tales of petty domestic tyranny have stirred and thrilled and twanged all over the multiple chords of my sympathetic nature more than once.

And, by the way—there came to me a rather queer experience a few days ago, when a woman whom I had never seen or heard of honored me with a querulous letter requesting me to desist from writing such "stuff," as her husband took a savage delight in reading aloud to her over and over again my "unwomanly letters at my own sex." Oh, Mr. Editor, wasn't that awful, and no one should sympathize with her more than I, if she were forced to listen to it "stuff." It must have been perfectly exasperating. Poor dear! I wonder if it were the "jealous woman" or the "woman who makes scenes" that hit her so hard? But, evidently she is after my scalp, and I have only one, but thank heaven there is a long stretch of steel rails between us, so that my one scalp is safe for the present, at least.

But to meander back to the homeless men, who have a home, sometimes even a palatial one, where they must present themselves on schedule time, but who never know what the blessing of a real home means.

It always hurts my feelings to say anything mean about a man, though ever so much compunction when receding of cards of criticisms of women, but confidentially, men are awfully selfish, but it is through this selfishness that a woman rules the real live masculine.

Now, when a man can just indulge

this selfishness to his heart's content, he is perfectly happy. It is when a woman wants her way also that the matrimonial artillery lets out its deafening roar.

To enumerate: A man loves his cigar, as a rule, better than he ever could, would, or should love his wife or his mother-in-law, and the greater liberty a woman allows him to draw in and puff out the sort of soul elation that curls up in smoke, the more happily will she bask in this atmosphere of nicotine content.

If you notice, a man is rarely in a bad humor when he has a clear meeting between his lips, and feels the seductive kiss that soothes and calms his senses. When anything angers him, he throws the cigar from him, as he throws from his life the woman of whom he has wearied. A cigar and a woman is much alike in a man's esteem—he loves each until each has outlived its charm or usefulness.

And the cigar and the woman play an important part in his life, being as it were, the twin loves of his soul. If the woman tries to cast the cigar out of his heart and home, the man will resent this antagonism and will seek other refuge where the cigar and the woman share and share alike his devotion.

If wives would take a lesson from this there would be fewer homeless husbands who seek other homes where the cigar is welcome.

Never mind the curtains if they do get musty and smoky. It's horrid, as no one knows better than I. Never mind the hangings. Let them be aired and cleaned. Never mind the furnishings; they can be fumigated. You may nearly choke to death, but don't mind a little thing like that—you can't wear a man from the chair, but you can wear him from your own heart and the love you crave.

After the cigar comes the newspaper.

Let the poor man alone while he gleams the news. I know it is horrid to try to talk over the glaring headlines and ballet skirts of a newspaper at the breakfast table, and a woman at times becomes possessed of an incendiary spirit that would delight in burning up every newspaper office in the country, but just let the poor dear man alone and give him time; after he is through reading he will be ready to talk, but he will not talk while absorbed by a burning curiosity to know the fluctuations of the stock market, and a woman might as well be amiable until he is ready to listen to what she may have to say, then he will be pleasant and companionable, but until he has extracted all that he wants out of the big sheet before him he will be as crusty and rancid as a dried apple shoe pie.

The number of women who are actually insanely jealous of such an insignificant looking rival as a coon-com-

plexioned perfect or a cheroot and the inanimate I's and U's as peep from a news sheet are far in the majority of those who fear the wiles of another woman.

Let a man enjoy his cigar and newspaper at home and he will become real docile and manageable in the hands of a tactful woman.

Let him be comfortable. If it rests his legs to prop them up on another chair or desk let him even test them over and dangle them from the chandelier if he enjoys the dangling.

Of course, no gentleman will want to make this kind of exhibition of himself in the drawing room where there are guests, but in the privacy of his own den, or when alone with his wife, if she had sense enough to humor these whims, she might imbibe a few salutary lessons through the practice of which she would cease to shed so many tears.

Many men are absolutely "managed" out of house and home. If they are five minutes late, they disturb the household arrangements. No matter what they do, or do not do, it is commented upon as being untidy and dreadful, and the excellent housekeepers are often household fiends and the worse household makers in the world, who take a morbid delight in their own and the misery inflicted upon others. Every flock of dust, every article out of place, every newspaper that falls to the floor, throws them into a few panicky fits that are simply maddening to the average man.

Let the house go to the demitisse how-woes, but make a home. It may not be so spic and span, the odor of tobacco may leave a perceptible lingering fragrance everywhere, you may be in danger of breaking your neck over a stray cane or lost umbrella; but even so, better such risks than the everlasting and eternal worrying and fretting

that keeps a house in a continuous nightmare performance. A woman who is afflicted with an over-keen idiosyncrasy to profanity or drink, or both, and were he of the saintly vintage, she would steer him straight into the whirling, whirling pools of perdition.

Every refined woman has an innate love for daintiness and cleanliness, but the masculine temperament craves a certain amount of indulgence that oftentimes plays havoc with household law and order, and a few friends brought home to a midnight lunch can make the daintiest home look as if a combination Galveston flood, cyclone, and earthquake had played rag-time with the drawing room, library, dining room, pantry, and kitchen that is simply heartrending to the woman who takes pride in her surroundings.

But the man who can bring his friends to his home will have little inclination to go elsewhere. The solid comfort enjoyed only at one's own fireside will prove a more potent charm than any that could otherwise be forged.

There is nothing of which a man will so heartily boast, or of which he will feel so uncompromisingly proud, as of the absolute freedom of his home, where a bright, happy-looking woman reigns, and who will welcome him and his friends regardless of the day or hour; and the woman who is wise and wishes to retain a husband's love will cater into the spirit of the thing, and feel amply repaid when he tells her with a kiss that he is sorry that they made such an unlovely row, but that they had such an awfully jolly time, and he is very sure that he has the dearest little wife on earth.

Make a man comfortable. It is a good recipe. Try it, and see how well it will work.

## THE INDIAN AS A GOVERNMENT OFFICEHOLDER.

IT CANNOT be said that Indians have not demonstrated their ability in holding official positions under the Government. Perhaps the most conspicuous figure among these copper-colored office-holders was Tecumseh, or Tecumtha. He was born in 1768, and killed at the battle of the Thames (Canada), in 1813. His official position, however, was under the British government; he was a brigadier general, in command of a British Indian force reaching 2,000 in number, and was a full-blooded Shawnee.

The Cherokees rank the highest of the Indian tribes in the United States. They

were originally one of the Five Nations of the Atlantic Coast, and had made considerable advancement in civilization. They spoke a language similar to the Iroquois, but were greatly retarded by their transfer, with other Indians of the Five Nations, to a desolate country, new and strange to them, beyond the Mississippi. Yet these people—the Cherokees—have advanced more rapidly than any other tribe in North America. A full-blooded Cherokee by the name of Sequoy, also called George Guss, invented for the people an alphabet, simple, but complete, in 1821.

A present attaché of the Indian Bureau is Francis La Flesche, a three-quarter blood Omaha; Representative

Curtis of Kansas is said to be a one-quarter blood Kaw; Mr. J. N. B. Hewitt, of the Bureau of Ethnology, is about one-eighth Tuscarora; while Dr. Eastman, agency physician at Pine Ridge, S. D., is a three-quarter blood Sioux, or Dakota.

It is the policy of the Indian Bureau to employ Indians on the agencies and reservations as far as possible. In consequence, on every agency or reservation there are a number of Indians employed by the Government as teamsters, assistant farmers, blacksmiths, and in various similar capacities, and in a few cases there are Indians employed as clerks, or in subordinate positions in the schools.